

Family

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Family

Disclaimer: I don't own 'em, DC Comics and Time/Warner do. I'm not trying to infringe on their copyright. They have every right to take two people who were absolutely meant to be father and son and tear them apart because of one measly gunshot wound. Humph.

Big thanks and big hugs go out to Marco Palogne, the great cologne tycoon, for making sure Alfred minded his manners.

This story is dedicated to Will Stanton. Seventh son of a seventh son.

****Family****

Setting her newborn, newly-slumbering child down softly in his crib, Martha Wayne smiled down at her baby as the soft light from the nightlight reflecting in her eyes. It was their first night home from the hospital and it had taken Martha and Thomas hours to get him to sleep. Having gone through nine months of pregnancy and 14 hours of labor, she was exhausted and ready to finally have a few hours sleep. "So, he's finally resting . . . at least someone in this house is," Thomas said, rubbing his eyes sleepily as he padded into the nursery.

Martha shushed her husband and leaned into him when he put his arm around her. They stood in silence for a long time watching the figure in the crib sleeping, almost as if they couldn't believe they were lucky enough to have him. "Bruce Thomas Wayne," Martha stated, "A strong name."

"Yes," her husband agreed "He's the one. The man who will be able to negotiate and bargain with the best of them. He's the Wayne that will

have the abilities to lead Wayne Enterprises into it's most prosperous time and he'll be the most generous philanthropist Gotham has ever seen. I have great plans for this Wayne!" he gave a content sigh "My boy."

Martha nudged her husband in his ribs with her elbow playfully "Now, now, dear, Wayne Enterprises already has a man to do all that. Maybe our Bruce will grow up to be a professional piano player, traveling the world sharing his talent with millions of people," she chuckled, "listen to us planning his life before he's even a week old."

There was a soft knock on the door and it opened to reveal Alfred Pennyworth with a tray that had two cups and a tea pot. He put them down on a table in the room "Excuse me, but I happened to note that the baby has finally... retired," he said wryly "so I took the liberty of bringing up a pot of herbal tea to help you sleep."

Martha smiled warmly and preceded to pour two cups as Alfred joined Thomas peering down from the edge of the crib at the new arrival. "Such a beautiful baby," he whispered. All the staff at Wayne Manor had been awaiting the arrival of this baby with much enthusiasm, and even though he had already kept them up until two in the morning, they had all instantly fallen in love with him.

Thomas murmured his concurrence and put his arm around Alfred's shoulder and pulled him away from the crib towards Martha, "He doesn't look at damn thing like me, does he Al?" Alfred grinned, "No, but he does look a spot like the mailman," He winked at Martha who shook her head forlornly.

"Do you want to join us?" she asked, waving her hand to an extra chair that over the tea and cups.

"No, madam," the butler replied "I have a few more things to do."

"Right," quipped Thomas, "like go to sleep," he playfully pushed Alfred toward the open door. "I suspect everyone in this house need sleep. Tell everyone else who is still up to do to bed. Anything that's left undone will wait until morning."

"Of course, sir. Have a peaceful night and good dreams, I will have breakfast ready for you in the morning." Alfred said, softly closing the door behind him as he left.

The couple eased back in their chairs and sipped in the tea. "You know," Thomas said, putting his cup on the table, "I wouldn't mind if Bruce was a professional piano player."

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"Good, our next child can lead Wayne Enterprises to the epitome of its existence."

"Next child?" Thomas arched an eyebrow, "Already thinking ahead, aren't we?"

"Thinking, but let me assure you, it will be years until it's

reality," Martha leaned over the table and took her husbands hands in her own, looking him in the eyes, "But I'm sure that one thing, no matter what Bruce chooses to do with his life, no matter what we become, he will make us proud."

End
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